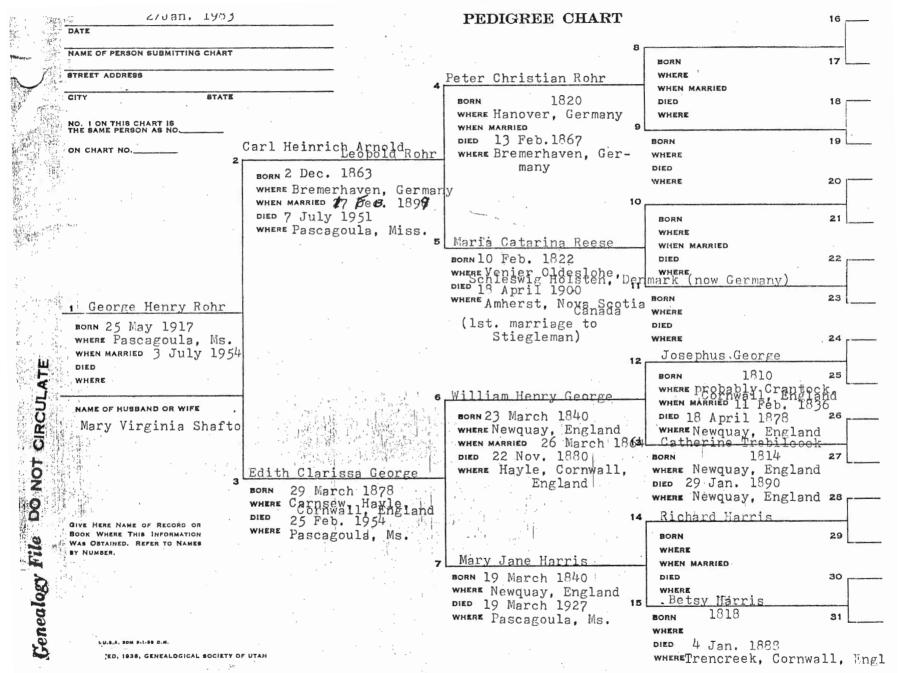
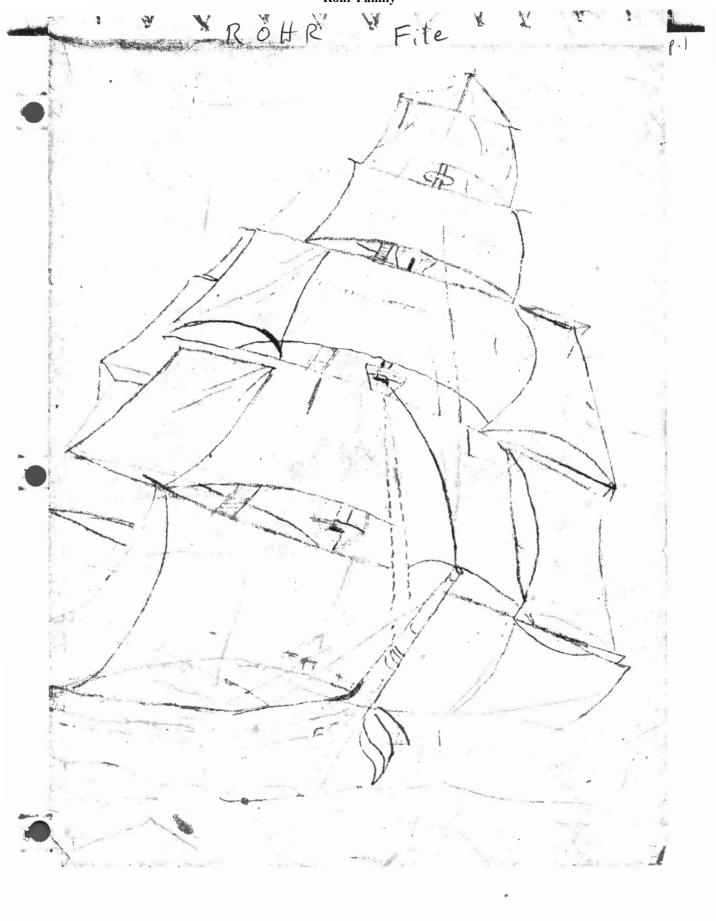
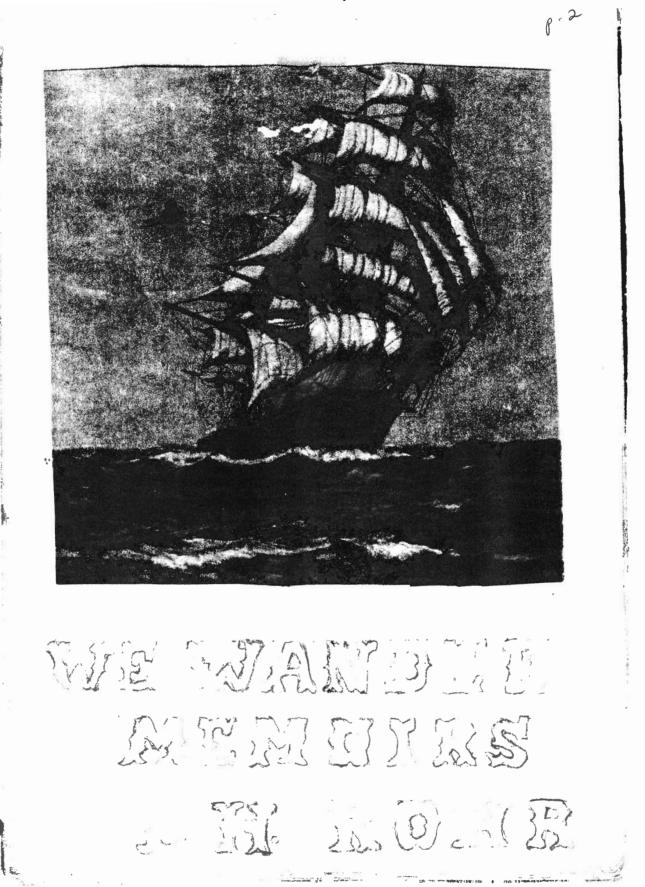
Н	USBAND Carl Heinrich Ar	nold Leopold K	OHR - blacksmith -	Luthera	an	Husband	
Вс	n 2 Dec. 1963 Place	Bremerhaven,	'-		Wife	T. TI.	
Ch	r. was christened Place	was confirmed	on Easter Day	T		Ward Examiners:	1.
Ma		-	on Farnsworth St.	Pasca	goula	· MS ·	12.
Di	ed 7 July 1951 Place	Stake or Mission	F				
Bu			emetary. Pascagoula	ania Ca	tonin	n Pagas	
HL	JSBAND'S FATHER Peter Christ SBAND'S HER WIVES	Tau vour	MOTHER	aria ca	carin	a neese	F
M Bd Ch	MFE Edith Clarrisa GEORGE 29 March 1878 Place place 25 Feb. 1954 Place	Hayle, Cornw Pascagoula,	vall, England	Ne			-
Bu	FE'S FATHER William Henry G			ary Jane	HAR	RTS	
	IFE'S OTHER	LORGE	MOTHER	ar A Gam	5 IIAII	11.10	
	JSBANDS						
SE		WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN			DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	DAY MONTH YEAR
F	List each child (whether fiving or dead) in order of birth.  Given Names SURNAME	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	STATE OR COUNTRY	то wном	
1	Carl Arnold ROHR	30 Sept 1899	Pascagoula	Jackson	o Mire	_ 27_Oct_1934_	
	Carl Arnold Konk	Jo sept 1999	rascagoura	Jackson	1 1/15.	Eathel Virgin	ia Flannagan
2	Mary Evelyn ROHR	10 Nov 1901	"	17	**	unmarried	
3	William Mallison ROHR	25 June 1905	11	11	17	_ <u>27 Dec 192º</u> Alma Halloway	
4	Freda Agnes ROHR	1 Aug 1909	n .	11	f1	15 Dec 1933 _ Norman Valenti	ne Flurry
5	George Henry ROHR	25 May 1917		**	11	3 July 1954 Mary Virgini	a Shafto
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-	to Castle Garden, N. Y. ing July 187°. He was na certificate issued 30 Ap of Circuit Court of Jack	on Atlantic Li turalized Leor r. 1902, Bk. 3	ner ODER, arriv- oold Rohr, final B, page 604, Minutes	OTHER MA	RRIAGES	3	















5

I was born in the free merchant city of Bremerhaven, Germany, December 2, 1863. Christened Carl Heinrich Arnold Leopold Rohr.

Mother's home was Venier, Oldeslohe, Schleswig Holstein. Father came from Hanover.

I had four brothers and two sisters, one brother and a sister were by a former marriage of my mothers'. Their sir name was Stiegleman.

Father was Proprietor of the hotel De North, catering to sea captains.

Bremerhaven originally was a piece of marshland sixty miles up from Bremen on the Weser River.

The King of Hanover gave it to Mayor Smith of Bremen. He built three thirty foot harbors with dykes and locks. The labor was done by hand... The mud was carried out in wheel barrows. The men were hired from Meckleburg and would go home singing after a days labor.

The river Geste surrounded the back of the city, a swift flowing stream.

On each end of the city was an old fort and moat, when the last harbor was built one of the old forts was wrecked, beneath one of the foundation arches was found eleven skeletons.

Once the ships were becalmed for fourteen days in the harbors, but one day there came a fresh breeze out of the north west and gave the vessels a chance to sail up the Weser. It was a beautiful summer morning, at the locks of the old harbor a crowd of people had collected to watch the picture an occasion like this presents. As far as the eye reaches, sail after sail carrying lightly to backward, with white foam at the bow glided proud three masters clean to the front harbor. At that time the small towboat Magnet was seldom employed by the ships, as the Captains considered it an honor to sail their ships out of the harbor themself.

All goods came into Bremerhaven free of duty. The neighboring village of Bremer Lehe was on Prussian territory and was fenced to protect it from smugglers. The gate on the highway was a long pole which was lowered before each vehicle while it was inspected. Once a man boasted he could take contraband into Prussia and not pay the required duty. When the custom house officer asked him if he had dutiable goods, he replied, glancing at his two comely daughters, sitting in the carriage, "Nothing but a couple of young geese", so the officer smiled and let him pass. Under the seat were two goslings.

Sailing ships from all nations came to our port with every conceivable kind of cargo. Some of the boys would unplug the honey barrels and suck the sweet confection.

Once a Captain invited me to visit his ship, as he was not there I engraved my name on a large block of rosin. He saw me afterward and said he saw my calling card.

When a fleet of five French wine ships came into port, the Captains stayed at our hotel and I was invited to visit the ships. When I went I was a guest of the Captain and ate at his table. Ten courses were served. When the wine and brandy were placed before me the Captain set it aside. After dinner the officers took me to their cabins and showed me their guns, pistols, and swords. Around the mast was an armory, hundreds of guns, swords, daggers, pistols, on deck were four cannons. They said they were for protection against pirates when going through the China Seas.

On board one of the smaller ships the sailors had free access to a barrel of sweet wine which they drank like water, but it had a different effect on me, I remember the Captain telling me to go to the cabin and lay down. Guess I had a weakness for sweets, one Captain said, "you don't like this and you don't like that but you surely do like honey". Now I wonder how we conversed, it must have been in broken English.

6

Before Jenny Lind became famous she sang in the concert hall of our basement.

Father died when I was four years old and Mother managed the hotel until I was fourteen. Then Mother went to Nova Scotia with sister Agnes and I was left to join a ship and learn about the sea. However, that follows later.

### SCHOOLDAYS

We had two public schools and a high school, boys and girls went to separate public schools, but the high schools were coed. There was a thousand two hundred boys in the school which I attended eight years.

The last two years I went twice a week to Church school. Pastor Wolf was our instructor, seven foot tall and of stern countenence. Once I boldly remarked our Professor resented him keeping us so long and making us late for our school work. Before I knew the answer he had me by the ear and put on the outside, and said: "If you don't like it here you can go outside". Afterward I let the school master do his own kicking."

Our teachers followed the old fashioned rule, "Spare the rod and spoil the child". A boy who was in the habit of playing truant enacted quite a drama one day. He was in the habit of hanging around a butcher shop. He was afraid to go to school that day because he had played truant the day before. "Never mind one of the butchers said, we will fix you up" and proceeded to fill a bladder with blood and put it in the back of the boys pants, "now when the teacher whips you and sees the blood running down your leg he will get frightened and let you go home". But instead of sending him home, blankets were sent for and a doctor. Well do I remember the Doctor, in all his dignity as he drew up his span of horses, and the medicine prescribed - a double dose of the rod.

Guess I liked to stay home from school too. Once when I was a beginner, one morning I spit on my fingertips and put it around my eyes to look like tears then pretended I was crying and said I was sick so Mother would let me stay home from school. About the third day of school a boy coaxed me to stay out and watch a parade. I did and got whipped by Mother for it.

We had singing lessons twice a week. Once when I was uncertain about a tune I did not sing out, and had a tremor in my voice. Herr Forster wanted to know who that was quivvering, then he discovered it was me. You can imagine how my nervousness improved after a severe boxing of the ears. I couldn't sing a note, but I still remember the song.

We had a geometry teacher who was also quick to slap and was very wild looking. One day some boys from Geste Helle were hanging an innocent doll on a miniature scaffold when the teacher perceived them. He stepped atop the long desks and made for them. Well it was quite a fight as the two big boys didn't intend to be deafened by his fierce slaps. We stood on our desks to watch the combat. He retired when he saw the boys were excelling him. He finally lost his job in our school when he boxed both ears of a boy who had been ill, which caused the boy to faint.

My naval protruded a little so I told the teachers I had a rupture and could not be whipped.

One day when I was tardy, I heard quite a commotion in the room and thought the teacher was out so knocked real hard, I could have fallen through the floor when Herr Jones called, "Come in", The class was reciting.

We were given four weeks vacation but had work assigned to us. Once I was given an ancient history review, I asked my brother and the roomers for information. I must have been terribly misinformed, because the Professor said afterward, 'If I had had you there, I would have rung your neck".

A book that edified my childhood and no doubt would shock modern parents for the author had a way of making the punishment fit the crime and naughty ways to fear.

Jenny, the eaves dropper and tattler, had her cars and lips padlocked to cure her of her fault. The thumbs of Suck-a-Thumb were snipped off by a ferocious looking man with a long pair of shears; and a painful fate overtook Slovenly Peter who never combed his hair or clipped his nails. The girl who cried a lot was carried off by a stork to its nest - and there, "Willy, Nilly, on the roof, she sadly sat from all aloof". Johnny-look-in-air walked off the wharf into the water because he never looked where he was going. Sophie who would play with matches, set herself on fire and was burned to a heap of ashes, and the illustration showed her two faithful cats on either side weeping in their hankerchiefs. Greedy Jacob who overate split into, each half showing a smooth red inner surface. Cruel Frederick was one of the worst offenders, he tried to give pain to everyone, "And worse and worse he beat his gentle nurse". And then was cruel to a dog and the dog bit him. Illustrated with a big red square on his leg represented blood, and after being sick a long time and taking bitter pills he was cured of the dog bite and he ceased to be cruel. The illustrations were of a crude sort, with blotches of magneta, blue, yellow and green.

Punishment followed the crime like a smart slap and the child learned it was best to behave.

Excerpt from newspaper clipping:

US Naval Advanced Base, Bremerhaven.

The Naval Advanced Base is the largest Naval activity in Germany. Some of its personnel are on duty in other areas of Germany, but the major portion is located in Bremerhaven, on the Weser River. It is the main commercial port for the city of Bremen and the port of embarkation for US Armed Forces personnel in Europe.

To prove the world was round our Geography teacher would parade us down to the levee to watch the ships making their appearance over the horizon.

During the summer season, sometimes our teacher would lead us on excusion trips. We would take our lunch and some days march as far as four miles. As we marched we sang, "We wander with Hurrah". There were sixty boys in my class.

One day we took a hike along the levee which brought us to an ivy covered church known as the Ox church. We were told the reason it got such a queer name was that two villages wanted to build a church but couldn't decide on a site, so someone suggested to yoke two oxen and wherever they lay down there the church should be built. The chose the sloping bank of the levee. The church was made of brown stone as was the parsonage nearby. The Sexton dumped out a barrel of apples for us, then we went into the quaint little church. Each pew had a gate with Bible pictures on it. I helped to pump the organ while one of the teachers played, the pedals were two plugs that came out of the floor.

All along our way were storks in the marshes. A half mile farther we came upon a mound, horse shoe shapped, it was said to be an old fort built by the Huns. And a number of flat rocks near were ancient graves. There were three large boulders as smooth as pebbles, probably carried there by prehistoric glaciers.

Our neighbor was a watchmaker. He had an observatory to get the accurate time by the sun to repair the ship's chronometers. My brother and I were frequent visitors to Uncle Pearls and when he took recreation walks, we would often accompany him. We generally took the main highway and would journey for miles afoot to Bremer Lehe, further on was the Speckenbiddle forrest. On either side of the gravel road were chestnut trees. The farm houses faced the road in a criss cross fashion. The roofs were either slate or thatched depending on the wealth of the farmer. Initials of the owner and the date the dwelling was built were in iron letters over the entrances. The doors were wide enough to let a load of hay go through. Home and stable were not widely seperated. We would sup at a convenient inn and then return home tired after our long tramp.

## A GREAT EXPLOSION

A man from Halifax had a hellish machine made in Bremen. It was clock work and was timed so that it would go off in five days. He was pretending he was shipping cavier, a highly insured shipment but in reality it was only trash. He intended to go as far as South Hampton with the shipment, a journey of three days.

Quarter of eleven, December the eleventh, 1875 the steamer Mosel moved slowly out of the inland harbor, nearby was a crowd of people bidding the passengers good-bye. Just around the corner was the tug boat waiting to carry the last freight to the steamboat in the middle fleet. The last cargo was the supposed cavier. As a porter unloaded the keg containing the clockwork it exploded when he dropped it on the pavement.

I was in school and the explosion knocked me out of my seat, broke all the plate glass windows in the buildings near, killed and maimed one hundred and twenty five people. Bodies were torn to pieces and scattered everywhere. The scene of the tragedy was like a battle field.

I went to the hospital with a neighbor to see her daughter, who was one of the wounded victims of the slaughter. While I was there the chief of police entered and inquired for the man who had shot himself. He turned out to be Bill Thomas, the man who had shipped the cavier. He confessed he did it for the insurance. (In an old book entitled "Sea Dogs of the Sixties" researchers came to the conclusion a Sandy Keith alias Thomassen was the same Bill Thomas. He ingratiated himself to nearly every confederate blockade runner who visited Halifax by a brazen assurance, obliging manner, and expenditure of money yet he was illbred and of no social standing.) The steamer Boston disappeared a few years before for no know reason and no doubt he was the cause of it.

We were dismissed from school, the Principal saying the boiler of the steamer Mosel had exploded.

Another sickening experience of my boyhood was the witnessing of a colored cook stabbing a sailor on Crimea Street, and remember his grinning face as the officers led him to jail, an iron band around his neck and chains leading to his arms and legs.

A picturesque sight was a mounted police in olive green coat, black pants protected by leather in the places most subject to wear, a short gun and sword, horse hair on his helmet hanging nearly down to his eyes. He was a fierce looking spectable. Before his horse walked a barefooted barelegged man with long hair which stood up, and he was covered with just a rag.

Once when I had just come in from swimming in the cold waters of the Weser, I observed two hands fluttering just under the surface of the water. I grabbed the hands and pulled the drowning man out. He never said a word, must have been holding to the pilings and turn loose and couldn't swim.

One day, Tony and I and some other boys were swimming into a small whirlpool at the entrance of the harbor. A strange boy came along and followed suit but he never came up and his dead body was found on the banks of the river.

9

I remember two folklore stories Mother told me.

One day Christ and his Disciples were on a journey. They came upon a shepherd laying under a tree. They asked him for directions to a certain place. He replied by raising his leg and pointing it in the right direction. Further they stopped and saw a girl busily working in the field and asked her the way. She stopped her work and walked two miles with them to put them on the right road. One of the disciples said, "Lord what shall be the reward of this accommodating girl?' Jesus replied, "She shall marry the lazy shepherd, for the industrious must care for the sluggards'.

Another day when they were journeying before them on the highway was a horse shoe. Each disciple passed it by, they had no eye for it, they were dreaming of kingdoms and such, but Christ stopped and picked it up, sold it and with the money bought grapes. As they travelled along the hot and dusty road they became very thirsty. Once in a while Jesus would drop a grape on the road, and to quench their thirst they stooped, not once but many times.

## MAD DOG AND OTHER CLOSE CALLS

One day I went out to get cherries, as I stood in the door I saw a mad dog rushing down the street and the stable men calling 'Sultan, Sultan', but he paid no heed kept running, tail whirling. I stepped in the door but he rubbed right past me. Several Captains were sitting around, they all jumped on the counter except one fat American. He couldn't make it so he grabbed the big seething dog by the throat and held him until someone chained him to a lamp post, until the blacksmith could come and knock him out with a hammer.

Once an apprentice of Uncle Pearls invited me to go to his home in Vegesæk, a distance of sixty miles. His father was a sea captain. Their home was a beautiful brick house with four elm trees in front so thick they interlaced. The parlor floor was covered with a beautiful Chinese rug on which the roses were raised. The trees in the back were named for the boys in the family. None of them were at home but my friend, every day we would walk out in the forest. One day our dog came across a hedge hog, I put him in my hankerchief and carried him home. He looked just like a little black pig and made a cute pet. He would go off for a week at a time and when he would return, he would scratch on the door for Mother to let him in. He became so used to me he would now throw out his quills. I would throw him in the river and he would swim back to me like a streak. One day I tied him to the stove leg so he wouldn't go off and when I came home found he had hung himself by winding round and round the stove leg.

One day we visited a gentlemen's estate on the Weser river. On the rivers bank was an old ruins of a castle. In the garden were orange and lemon trees, and a flower bed twenty feet long with the man's name W. W. Wedjen in bright flowers. It was inclosed by an iron fence, reminding me of Goethes poem,

"Speaks to us in language quaint and golden.
One who dwelt upon the castled Rhine,
How God made the flowers so blue and golden
Stars that in Earth's firmament do shine".

One day I slapped an actor's daughter because she sauced me. Her Father ran for me, quickly I ran into a nearby hall and hid behind the door. He called down cellar, "If I come down, I'll break every bone in your body", and "Now I'm going to shut you down there". I rushed out from behind the door as he closed it, he pursued me but a big longshoreman stepped between and said gruffly, "What do you mean, leave that boy alone".

We boys would read Finmore Cooper editions. We would dramatize them by tying boys from other streets to trees and torture them by slapping mud in their face and sticking pins in them. Once a crowd of fellows challenged me to come out and fight one of their gang, I did and beat my opponent. Then the whole gang jumped on me. One of my teachers used to call me the head rooster.

I was confirmed on Easter day. My verse was, Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

My oldest sister Henrietta married Captain Sam Dutch, a sea captain from Maine. Sister Agnes followed suit and married Captain Joseph Chapman from Nova Scotia. Before Agnes had children she used to accompany Joe on his trips. I remember once after many days we received a letter from her from Panama with her exciting experience.

September 1874, we took on a cargo of coal at Cardiff, Wales. Our Bark was named the Willie S. Thompson, destination Iquique, Chile.

For a couple of weeks we had very stormy weather, and had to close all ventilators which set the coal afire. As the ship began to smoke Joe said to me, "All coal ships smoke", to keep me from worrying. A little bird came on board at sea, the sailors said it was a bad omen.

By November we were approaching Cape Horn in the Strait Lemair, South America. We searched for a place to abandon ship. We came near an island and decided to anchor the ship late one evening. Joe, the second mate, and some sailors got in a small boat and rowed off to find a landing place. They were attacked by wild birds. Near the island were scores of sea lions, and penquins stood in rows on the shore. The sailors had to stay on the island all night as it was too dark for them to find their way to the boat. They were afraid and would run up and down shore crying, "Are you there Captain?" In the morning the men lowered two boats, one big and a small one. As I prepared to get into the big boat Joe ordered me to take only my jewelry, because if I took luggage the sailors would want to do likewise. The Stewardess and I were carried from the boat to shore as the water was not deep enough for our boat. The sailors put up tents and used flour barrels for chimneys. At night we sat around the fire and Joe told funny stories about an old inn keeper at Amherst, Nova Scotia and for a time we forgot we were on an island castaway.

There was no Willie S. Thompson the next day, she had blown up. We read afterward seventeen ships out of thirty that left Cardiff laden with coal burned.

Joe kept the men busy building rafts to make the boats seaworthy so they could sail to the mainland. Joe joked about going to Patagonia the nearest land where there were cannibals. All they found on the island that showed any habitation was a sealing hut, a piece of soap and a red hair.

Some of the sailors went exploring on a mountain on the island and found stones which they thought were diamonds and sewed them in their clothes. On the eighth day, the carpenter came to Captain Chapman and told him the sailors plan to mutiny, "They plan to kill you and the first mate, take the big boat and leave the island". Then Joe would hide the gun and axes under his mattress at night, but the carpenter warned him again that the sailors were plotting against him. So Joe got all the men together and told all that were with him to step to the right, the others to the left, and offered those that wanted to leave the smaller boat and provisions. Five stepped out, a big

german was the ringleader. They took the boat and left, and the same boat with the name Willie S. Thompson was found a month later by an English ship.

After ten days we saw a ship, hurriedly we threw everything we could in our boat but missed the vessel and could not land on the island on account of strong currents so had to land on another island, but after five days, sited our rescurer The Annie M. Small, captained by Captain Charles C. Parker who took us to Panama.

I still have a little Bible he gave Agnes with his name in it, and at sea latitude Cape Horn. When they were on the islands, they left notes in boxes sealed tight. Soon after Mother received Agnes letter from Panama, she received one from the Governor of Peru telling of his gunboat's crew finding the letters on the island.

The last ship Joe owned was W. W. Pipes, loaded with phosphate rock went down two hundred miles off New York. All hands were saved. That was his last voyage, he and my sister settled down in Nova Scotia and had eleven children.

Once Captain Chapman and Captain Sam Dutch had ships by the same name, "The Pretty Jemima". Joe asked Sam if he named his schooner after his Bark.

My eldest brothers Theodore and Tom had been in New York seven years and Agnes visited Mother and invited her to come live with her in Amherst, Nova Scotia. We took a small steamer to London, it had a shipment of sheep and they were kept above and below deck. We found a Captains boarding house in Albert Square, Commercial Road which was run by a Mr. and Mrs. Moore. They had two sons who were blacksmiths. Mr. Moore used to go to the ships to hunt roomers and work for his sons, often I went along.

The hotel was three stories high and a basement. My bedroom wall was cheerfully decorated with framed obituaries. Our meals were cooked on a fireplace. Mr. Moore was a dignified old man always wore frock tail coat and beaver hat. Mrs. Moore was his second wife.

The old gentlemen would take me to places of interest. We oft went to White Chapel of Jack the Ripper fame. He took me to see St. Pauls Cathedral, The House of Commons and the House of Lords. Downstairs the furnishings were done in blue velvet and upstairs they were red. I had the pleasure of seeing Lord Beaconsfield there, and Queen Victoria in the park.

One day we visited West Minister Abby, I especially remember Livingstone's tomb. While we were there the Priest would chant a few lines and the congregation would respond with Hallelujah, I wondered afterwards what it meant, guess I was like the servant who wore her mistress hat to church and though they were saying, "I hardly knew you".

One day we went to Crystal Palace, a hugh glass and iron structure, built in 1854, one of London's landmarks for generations, exhibition hall and amusement center. I was quite interested in the funny pantomines Punch and Judy ect., and thrilled at the human rocket, a lady in black tights shot from a cannon and the sword swallower. One of the Queens guards was there, his queer big hat was beside him. I lifted it found it light as a feather. I read in the paper November 30, 1936, Crystal Palace burnt, a million dollar loss.

One night we went to Madame Tussaud, the wax cabanet, noted men sat in chairs. Another department housed wax criminals and every kind of device used to torture humanity. While there, Mr. Moore sat down in a chair and went to sleep, looked like a companion in wax. I heard years later the

museum burnt but was rebuilt. When Madam Marie Tussard of Swiss German parentage, became 81 she turned her wax works over to her sons and it is a hall of fame today, run by her great grandson, Bernard Tussaud. The museum is highly sensitive to public taste. Every year some wax "has been" goes into the melting pot and is replaced with a hero in present favor.

One day I went by myself and got lost, I found the Tower of London, but was afraid to go in. I was a happy lad when I spotted a negro cook who came over in our ship and spoke fluent German. He directed me to Commercial Road, then I could find my way easily.

Sometimes we would breakfast early with the longshoremen, the eating place had several table a hundred feet long.

The London boys used to tease me by singing, "How are you Yankee Smith?", but treated me to the first ice cream I had ever eaten.

I translated the following from an old Bremerhaven newspaper, a description of our port.

Three vessels are laying at the dock ready to sail with passengers on board. Fresh meat and white cabbage hang in the wants. Aft the high deck is full of passengers. Some climb the stage up and down, some seem happy singing and fun making as if parting from the Fatherland does not concern them much. Others look sad mostly older folk and look like they had not been bedded on roses, sorrow and trouble have left deep seams on their faces. Still leaving the homeland comes hard, thinking what will the new land have in store for me.

Everywhere ships are being loaded and unloaded, barrels, bales of cotton and tobacco, boxes of sugar, tons of rosin, honey, yellow and blue wood fill the space between street and harbor.

From an old danish school book comes a story of migration.

A man lived in a round house with a round window in it and a triangular garden in front, not far was a pond with fish in it.

One night he was awakened by a noise, he ran to the south, stumbled over a big stone in the path, a little farther he fell in a ditch, got up fell in a third ditch, and got out of that, then he saw he had been mistaken, ran back to the north but the sound still seemed to come from the south, so he ran south again, stumbled over another stone in the road, a little farther he fell into another ditch, got up fell into a second and third ditch and got up. Now it seemed the noise came from the end of the pond. So he ran

to the end of the pond and found a leakage, the water was running out with all the fish. He stopped up the hole and went to bed.

When he looked out the window the next morning he saw a stork.

The dream fore told his travels. The dotted lines show his travels. Unlike the stork who returns home again in the Spring. I have never returned to Germany or Nova Scotia but am content to stay in the warm southland.

In the design the three ditches are the feet of the stork, the tail represents the water running out of the pond.

## **AMERICA**

I stayed six weeks in London, I was to go to sea with an American Captain from Maine in a brand new ship to become a sailor. As the bark never came to port my plans were changed. Later I heard the ship was lost with all hands, perhaps she was the victim of another Thomas.

Mother, Sister and Captain Chapman boarded ship in Liverpool a week before me enroute to Nova Scotia. Then I took a small ship from London to go back to Bremerhaven. My first trip crossing the channel was rough, but my return was a calm passage. Brother Tony was still in Germany, I stayed at Uncle Pearls for a week and then took the Atlantic Liner Oder for New York. It took fourteen days to make the trip. I came steerage. Passage was conducted by Von Riegan Und Stindt and the cost was sixty dollars.

There were seven hundred in the steerage, two hundred in the first and second cabins, a hundred in the crew. We stopped at South Hampton, England for four hours to take on passengers, freight and mail. Nearly everyone was seasick the whole passage, a boy and myself would hide in the sails in the evenings, but the officers would make us go down below. The odor was awful.

I arrived at Castle Garden, New York, July 1878. I had the address of my brother Theodore, who lived at Hoboken, New Jersey, I followed some German farm boy, emigrants, they were so roughly dressed when their brother met them that he took them to a clothing store on Broadway and bought them each a new outfit and threw their old attire in the ash can. I didn't know when we were crossing the ferry as the boys brother paid the few cents fare.

When I arrived at Theodores, his wife Emma met me, as she had been to Germany in recent years she knew me, but my brother hadn't seen me in seven years and passed by me sitting on the steps, Emma said, "Don't you know that boy?, he is your brother", he never said a word the big tears just ran down his cheeks.

## **NEW YORK**

After I was there a while Theodore got me a job in a grocery store on Willow Street. A German named Beerman ran it. After working there a month he accused me of stealing and fired me, but afterwards he found out it was the first clerk. The pay was so small most grocers expected a fellow to take a few things. Old Beerman was very enterprising, certain days he told me to go in the bar, lock the door, then follow this recipe: Mix three gallons of water, three gallons of alcohol and a glass of coloring matter. From which I made Light, Dark and labeled whiskey.

Then I worked for three months in another grocery store. Old Wurderman was a slave driver if there ever was one. He paid me five dollars a month and board there. I worked from six to ten o'clock every day, except every other Sunday I had a half day off. There was never a minutes rest, he found something to keep me busy all the time. I had never driven a horse and did not know getup from woe. The horse I drove was a trotter, I would shake the reins to make him go and pull them to make him stop. The old horse was bad to bite, once he bit me on the back, it scared me so I fell between his legs. The men rushed out of the store to see if I was hurt. When the horse didn't have his check rein on we would throw a potatoe up high and he would raise up on his hind feet and catch it.

Next I worked for Isodore and Hein in a hat and cap factory. My job was to put the stays in the caps, for which I earned eight dollars a week. Most of the workers were German and Polish Jews. Most of the

heavy work was done by Christians, blocking ect. Sometimes I was sent to Five Points to the sweat shops to collect caps and would see Irish women having a brawl and hair pull.

Once I got leave to visit my Mother in Nova Scotia, I took a Fall River boat to Boston but I had to go back as I only had two dollars and it wasn't sufficient for the trip. When I went back to the factory the men wanted to know what kind of time I had, as I stayed away from work a week. I told them there was no one home, they had all gone to sea. Captain Chapman would tease me afterward because I asked for the Amherst Line in Boston. A month later Joe and Agnes came to New York as Joe was Captaining a ship at Philadelphia. Sister told me the price and directions how to go to Nova Scotia. So when I saved enough money I went to visit Mother who was with Agne's children. Brother Tom went to sea when he was twelve, he was working in New York when I was there but I rarely saw him.

Tony had come to New York in the meantime and was good about taking me around. He was a jeweler in Maiden Lane. We used to go to the Gangbergh Gardens, a music hall on Washington Street, Hoboken. One night one of the chorus girls noticed me staring at her so sang to me, "Ach nein Michel, Ach nein Michel, Nein wie bist du so dum, Ich glaub halt die liebe sie bringt dich noch um". Translated - "Oh Michel, Oh Michel, how foolish you are I think love will kill you yet". Then she continued with: "Nein du, du, du soltz es sein. Nein ihr, ihr alle solt es sein, Wen ich euch nicht mwhr hab ist mir die welt nur ein grab. - "No you, you shall it be. No you, you all shall it be. When I have not you the world is just a grave to me". Tony said now you should make a date with her, but I was embarrassed enough, blushed red as a beet.

Once Tony and I were walking in front of Trinity Church, Tony was reading an advertisement in his funny broken English, I was laughing and not noticing my step and fell in a coal hole. The Irish coal shoverer said, "Man are ye blinded?"

In Germany I read a story of an Admiral that died in New York and was buried in Trinity Church yard. The English Admiral fell in love with a girl who turned out to be his long lost sister. The story said that his name and rank was on a plate on his grave but was lifted out and stolen. I found a grave with the plate missing and presumed it was his.

Tony and I boarded at our oldest brother Theodores. Emma used to make me wash the dishes when I came home from work. I didn't like the task so Tony and I decided to move, but the room we got in the upstairs of a tenement house wasn't very comfortable and restaurant eating was costly. So one night when Tony came home he found me gone, I had gone back to Emma's good cooking and my dish washing job.

Once Theo's stepson and I went to see Lillian Russel in Princess Nicotine in Brooklyn. Also went to Carnagie Hall, the most beautiful one in New York and heard a concert by Sousa's band.

In later years after I had learned a trade in Nova Scotia I visited New York. Tom, an actor and I were walking on Green street on our way to a restaurant. A woman called out from behind some blinds, above us, "Come in my darlings". Looking upward the actor declaimed, "I though it was a voice from heaven", the abuse she shouted came from any thing but an angel.

Once I went up in the Statue of Liberty and looked out of her crown.

## AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA I learn a trade.

I went to Nova Scotia and my sister got me a job in a carriage factory, Holmes and Hicks. I worked three months without pay then I got fifteen dollars a month. I worked three years to learn the trade. A quarter of a century or so ago there was no more romantic and inspiring figure in the workaday world than the village blacksmith. The smith - a mighty man was he - as the poet so aptly called him.

Day after day the clear ring of the anvil could be heard - and those big arms stripped to show their useful brawn, pumped the bellows and lit the fire, to forge the iron. The smith was always intelligent, friendly and ready for service. The shop was a great gathering place, and as the blacksmith worked he talked, discussing the news of the day and civic betterment.

Iron is the most fasinating of all raw materials and set mens imagination traveling on long tracts - the plough, the sword, the cannon and the wheel.

Men were drawn to the forge by its song sprightly, and the surprising rhythm of the blacksmith's work had a mythical force, sometimes it is very outspoken, speaks virility and is gay as well as strong. According to an ancient Nordic law a man was not held responsible for what he said in a forge, their tongues were loosened and talk flowed freely, audacous fancies were set forth to the inspiring hammer song, there a man was at ease.

I had always wanted to be a blacksmith. Mr. Holmes told me I could always get a job with him as I earned my wages using up scrap iron. After my apprenticeship was up, I worked in a big lumber mill ironing logging sleds in Athel, N.S. A year later I got a job with Sam Etta there. He could make axes and shoe horses and oxen but could not iron carriages. A Norwegian carriage maker made a lot of gears so he hired me to iron them.

Then I worked for Major Chapel in Napan, six miles from Amherst. We used to go to the depot at night. One night the station was robbed of forty dollars. Some boys were suspected of the theft but nothing was proved on them. Major used to tell us his version on how the money was stolen, he said the robber just opened the cash window and pulled the drawer out with a hooked stick. Years after, Mother wrote me Major confessed on his dying bed he was the one who stole the forty dollars so many years ago. He was a horse trader and thought nothing of beating a fellow in a horse trade but taking that money worried him to his dying day and started him to drinking bad.

When I was twenty-five I took the Oath of Allegiance to Queen Victoria, and had the privilege of hearing the noted Sir Wilfred Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper. Though I knew little about politics they held my interest immensely.

When I was out of work I would go back to Holmes. The second year I was there learning the trade, I was given my own fire but had no helper. One day I was cutting plating when a piece of the chisel flew in my eye. My right eye had been nearsighted but my left was normal. When shooting I would always take aim with my left. I finally lost the sight of my left eye. Later I went to New York to see about my eye. A Doctor wanted to remove my blind eye but Theordore would not let him.

## **PRANKS**

The boys at the carriage factory would play some great tricks. Once old Sam Etta got dead drunk there. Once of the Holmes boys had a dark room in which he used to develop picture. As I knew Sam I put him there to sober up. One of the boys painted old Sams high boots red and fastened his hands with chains. When he came to himself he started swearing and saying, "Where am I, what have I done". When Mr. Holmes heard the disturbance he opened the door and let out a great laugh at the sight that met his eyes.

An old fellow owned a nag who hung his head. The boys thought he would look nice with some head gear. So fashioned a hat of a sapling and an old sack, when the old man saw his horse so disgraced he tore into the shop declaring, "Who insults my horse, insults me". When Holmes beheld the transformation he laughed out loud.

The scavenger of the town had his cart in the shop for repairs. His overcoat was in it. A couple of the boys got one of the boys down on the floor and with great deliberation said, "Now we will wipe your nose with Mr. Bowls hankerchief", they had taken from the scavengers pocket. A great repulsive struggle was made by the tortured youth to the great delight of his offenders.

At noon hour, Mr. Holmes would find little odd jobs for us to do, so to get a little rest we would hide atop the building. It would amuse us to look down and see him hunting us.

One morning Tom Chapman and I were going moose hunting with an old bachelor friend. When we got to his shack we noticed a ladder against the cabin, so Tom grabbed a handful of straw and deposited it atop the chimney and waited for the old man to get up and light his fire. When he did the room was filled with smoke, it came out of every crack and crevice. Then he ran out and discovered the cause of the smoke.

One Saturday night Lou Ripley, Fred and Art Dowling and I hired a span of greys and a double seated carriage to drive to Pugwash, on the Straits of Cumberland, a distance of thirty miles. Because we arrived in the town late we could not get a room in the hotel. We put the horses in an old abandoned barn but the horses broke through the floor so we decided to drive around town until morning. We had breakfast at the hotel and afterward napped on the front porch.

A few days before I had read a story about a witch, her second sight enabled her to foretell death. When such was to occur in the village she would have a vision of a fiddler fiddling away with the head of the one who was to die under his arm. The story ran... Once a Preacher had been visiting a sick person in the moor where the witch lived, when he got in a bog, the old woman and her daughter hearing his crys of distress saved him. He preached a sermon afterwards on witches and said God had gifted them to foretell things just as some have a talent to play music without instructions. As I sat there in the chair drowsing I dreamed I saw the fatal fiddler coming down the street, but as the strains drew nearer I interpreted them as AT THE CROSS played by the SALVATION ARMY.

We visited the lobster factorys, walked along the beach and left for home after dinner. Sleep was sweet that night.

We used to go swimming in the muddy waters of the bay of Funday, a couple of miles from Amherst, the clear waters of the Straits of Cumberland, the Laplanche River and Blairs Lake. The lake was a mile across. One Sunday afternoon a boy and myself swam across it. When we were three quarters across we got very tired. The water was fresh and we could not float, and to make it harder big flys lit on our heads. Coming back we took a short log, one of us straddled the front and paddled with our hands, the other the back. It was the longest, hardest swim I had ever taken.

Sister's little seven year old boy Freddie drowned in the Laplanche River. We found him three days after.

Mr. Pridham, the foreman at Holmes, started business for himself at Bay Vert. Holmes sent me there one day for a carpenter. Thought I'd take a short cut across the ice but when the wind began to whirl my sled around the horse, I turned back and took the land route, and arrived in time for dinner with my former foreman. After dinner he drove with me to Cape Tormantine, several miles distant to get the carpenter. We arrived at four o'clock in the morning. After breakfast and a little rest we returned.

Mr. Pridham gave up his business and went to work for a man at Chatam, Merrmashe in New Brunswick close to the Straits of St. Lawrence.

Holmes had an Irishman working in Pridhams place. He would go on sprees so Holmes wrote for Pridham to come back. He agreed and I was sent to carry on his work at Chatam. On the train I spoke to a young man in front of me, asked him if we changed trains at Moncton. He replied, "Ish can nicht ferstehen" (I cannot understand). When I answered in German there was not a happier man, he told me he was sent from Germany to do the lead work in a million dollar paper mill in Chatam. Some one misdirected him to Chatam, Massachuttes.

I worked there three months. Two girls used to come to our boarding house, a moulder and I would take them home. One night as we passed a lumber pile some boy bombarded us with brick bats and shouted, "Don't you know she is a married woman" I didn't and didn't care to escort any more unless I was sure they were unattached.

Art and Fred Dowling, Lou Ripley, Fred Reed, Fred Brownell and myself used to go to the Methodist church in the morning, in the afternoon to Y.M.C.A. and at night either to the Baptist or Presbyterian church, and prayer meeting on Tuesday night at the Presbyterian church. We also took in the Salvation Army. Once I invited Simon Frazier, a helper in the shop, to go to prayer meeting. He would speak at the meetings. As he came from a poor family he wore a jacket to church. One day the boys set fire to his sweater so he had to wear his jacket to work...so he had nothing to wear to church. Fred Robb, a wealthy man who had become interested in Simon came to the shop to see him, and asked why he did not come to meeting any more? He said he had nothing fit to wear. Then Mr. Holmes and Mr. Robb outfitted him with a suit. Finally he got a fire and made a first class blacksmith. Then Mr. Robb told him, "If you want to be a preacher I will board you and let you finish high school, then send you to college at Halifax". He accepted the kind offer and studied so hard it made him prematurely grey. He bacame a good preacher and was sent to the East Indian Islands during the winter months.

Of course, Simon was a total abstainer. One night while he was sleeping in a chair with his mouth open at his boarding place, some boys poured some liquor into his mouth. Poor Simon nearly choked to death and woke up every one in the place with his coughing.

When bicycles first came out, Simon said, I wonder what keeps them up on the wheels? The boys replied, "The Lord Simon, The Lord Simon".

Mr. Miles the Baptist Preacher used to preach in neighboring villages. One night two fellows were cutting up in the back of the church, he stood it as long as he could, then walked to the back of the church grabbed them by the neck and threw them out. He said in olden days they cast out devils and it can be done today.

Once when we were in the Methodist Church, in came a red faced old fellow, he was nearly blind, he put his hat on the floor. Fred didn't desire to sit by the dirty old man so he said lets get out of here. In passing I stepped over the hat but Fred didn't see it so stepped on it and had to pull it off his foot.

One night there was to be a big private wedding at the Methodist church. Lou sang in the choir, he asked the sexton if we five boys could come. He said absolutely none were allowed but those invited. We decided to see it any way, so we went through the basement, climbed the stairs and peeped from behind the pulpit. Just as the Preacher was finishing the ceremoney, Lou said, "Leo you didn't see well, look here", at that moment he stomped as hard as he could down the stairs. You can imagine how fast I followed and the rush for the window. I wonder what the audience thought?

One watch night at the same church a crowd of boys and girls sat behind a man with a long frock tail coat. Each time he would get up to tell his experience some one else would get ahead of him. At last he got a chance. Fred Reed grabbed the long tails of his coat and pulled him back. He turned and gave Fred a black look and the girls tittered at the old man chagrin.

Twice a week we would go to the Temperence Hall. When you joined The Worthy By The Chief would say, "Here you are safe, the tempter does not come here." And we all sang "Welcome to the Hall of Temperence" and "There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as the pure and sparkling water."

We used to congregate and prominade on the sidewalks of the main street every night except Sunday. One night we were standing on the corner when we heard a repetition of pat-de-pat coming from Sand Hill, a mile from Amherst where the Indians had their tents. As the sound drew nearer we perceived it was old Steve an old Indian with a knife in his hand in hot pursuit of a white boy.

We planned that when they got to Tuckers Corner we would close in on old Steve. We did and let the boy continue his marathon. Old Steve was so excited he couldn't talk, no doubt the boy kept away from their reservation. He had a narrow escape as the old Indian was only about six feet behind him.

One day one of my nieces come running into the house telling us old Steve is drunk, coming down the street making the most unearthly war whoops.

I used to visit Joe's cousin, Sam Chapman, twelves miles from Amherst. Once when I arrived there Sam and a friend were sitting on a cradle hill in the field. As the sheep passed by I counted them and said, nineteen. Sam jumped up said, "There should be twenty". We went to the clearing where the sheep slept at night. There we found the lost one torn to pieces. So the next night he got a bear trap and set it, I dreamed all night about bears and woke to the incessant barking of Fido across the brook. Sam didn't wait to dress but rushed to the trap and found a two year old cub climbing a sapling, caught in the trap. It took three shots to slay him. Sam got two dollars bounty for the bear, and after skinning the bear I sent the hind quarters to my folks at Amherst.

Once when they had a big bear in the trap they told a yankee who was visiting at Amherst Head, they would give hime the honer to slay the bear and handed him an ax. As he raised the ax, the bear knocked the ax out of his hand so quick it flew twenty feet away.

Once when I was working at Tidnish, four miles from Chapman settlement, I would visit Joe's Father. He married the oldest Louder girl and had thirteen children by their union, she died and he married her youngest sister, who bore him another bakers dozen. There were more girls than boys, at this writing the second wife is ninety-two years old, hale and hearty. They warned me of the danger of bears, but rather than to be lonely, I would brave the danger and always walked in the middle of the road.

When I was helping Charlie Hillon on his farm, late one afternoon I went to look for the cows, and got lost, kept coming back to the same spot, there were two clears in the woods. The sun was sinking fast, but I kept it in view and went through ten feet high ferns and thick woods which brought me to a creek on the Tantramar marsh. I swam the creek there was a fire and a barn on the other side. I had been just a mile from the farm but had walked ten.

Hicks started drinking heavily and would spend all the money he collected at the factory. When Holmes got wise he floored his partner with a blow of his fist. He then hired me and some others to work for him for six months, with pay and interest at the end of the time. Near the expiration of my time, there was a sailor working there who would talk to me in an uncalled for fashion and when he asked for a bit he called me an ugly name. He was a much bigger man than me, but I was tired of his abuse and I knocked him out with an unexpected blow of my fist. I left then to work at Chattam. Afterward when I worked there we became good friends.

Next door to Sister Agnes lived a German professor of music. He said he like to play on an old piano so would come over to our house and play for us.

Joe and Agnes would go to the city of St. John to join their boat. One Sunday they went to a large church there, as they came in they heard the strains of Heidenroslein (Meadow Rose), words by Gothe, the familiar strains caused them to recognize the organist, their neighbor Professor Steirne.

When the professor first came to America he had no work in his line so got a job painting an apartment house in Baltimore. The sight of a pretty piano inside was so great a temptation that he climbed in the window one day and started playing the piano. The lady of the house was so charmed she got him to teach her daughter and organized a class for him. Years later he was Professor at Memramcook College, between Halifax and St. John.

Mother woke me one night to see the Northern lights. A wonderful sight, great streaks of light shot, like giant arrows, that almost reached the edge of the North Star. And like a flash each would disappear and newer and bolder ones would take their place, or a vast illumination would play about their base.

In 1895, I got a letter from my older half sister Henrietta Dutch to come south to Pascagoula, Mississippi where she was living. I arrived in New Orleans July the fifth 1895 of that year, on the steamer Louisiana, which mysteriously sunk at the docks later.

I was thirty-two years old when I arrived at the port of Pascagoula and Scranton which had great lumber industry at that time. I built a shop on my sisters land and made many timber dogs and crow bars. As I was the only expert carriage maker there I got work for miles around. The neighborhood boys used to strike for me.

Later I bought a lot and built another shop and a house nearby and am still living in the latter though the shop is torn down and my son has a barber shop in its place.

I met and married Edith Geroge, an English girl, who had come from Chicago in May of the same year I arrived. We met at the home of an old French family in, "the Chastant Place" on the beach. It is one of the oldest there, a memory to the old South and retains some of the old furniture and oil paintings of plantation days. Edith first lived in nearby Bayou Casotte with her mother and brothers in the pine woods. Making charcoal afforded a meager living, so later the boys found other work and moved to town.

I used to ride my horse thru the woods to call on Edith. Sometimes it was so dark I could not see the way but the horse would follow the trail. Edith played the piano and her brothers sang well. Bayou Casotte has turned into an industrial area now. My son still retains part of the land his Uncle bought in the sunny South.

I am now seventy two and find occupation in a garden plot for the anvil is silent and the forge is still.

Just before the war, times were very hard, but we managed to keep out of debt and keep our home. Then the first world war brought us prosperity in the form of two shipyards, and after the conflict a Government Vocational School was placed here and a papermill was built at Kreole.

During the first world war F.B.I. men would come in the shop to see if I was pro German. I would bawl the Kaiser out so that would satisfy them but I was sincere because I was a citizen and did not believe in biting the hand that feeds you, like so many Germans here did.

I had the Mayor and Chancery Clerk as witnesses when I took out my citizenship papers. Thought I studied up for the occasion I was asked no questions.

We lived through the depression that followed the first world war. With the advent of another world war our bag factory was torn down to make room for another shipyard to build cargo, transport and other Government ships. They also made aircraft carriers for the British. It is a pretty sight from the beach to watch a big cargo ship going out to sea, to watch as she gradually gets smaller and disappears over the horizon.

At the age of eighty-one my memory is not so keen but am still a booster of Pascagoula by the sea, the town in which I have spent the greater part of my life. I like to go to our city park and tell strangers the history of our town which I learned from an old time table.

## **PASCAGOULA**

Lying more upon the Gulf and therefore the seaport from which most of the shipping is carried on for towns near by. In the days before the Civil War, Pascagoula was one of the most noted summer resorts in all the South, having a large hotel fronting the sea, with a capacity for more than a thousand guests, where the wealth and beauty of the aristocratic planters' families from all the Gulf states paid homage to the shrine of fashion. The old hotel has gone to decay. The changed conditions of life in the Cotton States has made it more fashionable to spend the heated term in Northern Resorts, but famous old Pascagoula, now but a quaint slumbering village by the sea, still presents the charm of a beautiful location, on the live oak shaded shores of the Gulf, the broad expanse of blue water, dotted with islands before it, and the wide winding river meeting the embrace of the ocean by its side. Age has given this locality a hoary aspect as typified in the groves and individual trees, gray grown with hanging moss. The mourning drapery for the past, dead and almost forgotten.

The Gulf waters are literally alive with fish and shrimp and the shallow sections lined with beds of oysters. The astonishing low price for fish in these local markets suggest the abundance of the supply, the famous red snapper, the mackeral, trout and pompano being often sold for a cent a pound. The sport of catching can be readily imagined in waters where the fish crowd each other and so many varieties await the coming of the hook. Written in 1895. Scranton and Pascagoula were united in 1912.

From an old town paper dated March, 1902 was this account.

The Chamelion Club met with Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rohr at their pleasant home in Pascagoula last Friday night. The rendering of Annie Laurie and Juanita on two flutes by Messrs. W. J. Hawley and Professor W. L. Kinne accompanied on the guitar by Mrs. Hawley was the most delightful part of the program.

This attests the entertainment of the times and of our early married life.

I have never had my blind eye removed. At one time since I have been South I nearly lost my good eye, saw fire out of it. A Doctor in New Orleans cured it with increasing and decreasing drops of Iodides. I have done lots of reading before and since with my nearsighted eye and for fifty years worked at my trade which was not easy on the eyes.

My present deafness was caused by whooping cough which I caught from my youngest son. It was a very distressing complaint for an old man.

A few years ago I made some wind mills and in oiling one I fell one day and broke some ribs, the little neighbor dog named Poochie barked and gave alarm, till aid came. One of my hobbies for the past years has been making scrap books.

In February 1911, my old boss Mr. Pridam and a young friend visited me, after seeing all the points of interest of New York and Florida. It was a very warm February so they found it quite different from Nova Scotia weather. It was over seventy the first week they were here. Mr. Pridam spent the winter batching in a little house I owned nearby.

Sister Agnes lost her youngest son in the first world war. He was killed in the battle of Langemark, April 1915, and her grief very soon afterwards put her in her grave.

In July of 1933, a large bird flapped his wings and settled in one of our pecan trees. One of the boys threw at him and knocked him to the ground, it turned out to be a stork but no one could decide what species or where he had come from. He had been shot in the breast and under his right wing. He made a rare pet. We called him Pete. He stayed with us two months after which his wounds healed, he would fly on top of our house. An old German superstition is that when a stork flies over a house a birth is about to take place. Our neighbor would scare him off her house. We had lots of visitors come to see our rare pet. One day in September our droll visitor flew away never to be seen by us again.

All my old friends have departed this world, here and those in Nova Scotia. Henrietta lived to be eighty seven and I have now reached that span. The days are long now that I am not able to work or hear. I sit on the porch swing and watch the cars go by and passerbys walking on the sidewalk. I still have my dear wife and two of the children are at home. Two years ago we celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversity.

After a fall and suffering, he was bedridden for a year, he passed away July 7, 1951 and lies at rest in the family plot, released from the pain of this world having lived a long and useful life. Eighty-seven and a half years.

My Forge and Hammer
Lie Reclined
My Bellows Too Have
Lost Their Wind
My Fire's Extinct,
My Forge Decayed,
And In The Dust
My Vise Is Laid,
My Coal Is Spent,
My Iron Gone
My Anvil's Broke,
My Work Is Done

The other day I found the words of an old song the Chapman girls used to sing, and thought them worth recording with my memoirs.

## JAMIE AND JEANIE

"When gang awa' Jamie, far across the sea laddie. When ye gang o'er to Germany. What will ye bring to me laddie?"

"I'll bring ye a braw new goon Jeanie, I'll bring ye a braw new goon lassie. And it'll be a silken goon, wey flounces set a roon lassie."

"O, that's no gift a'va Jamie, O' that's no gift a'va laddie. For theres no a goon in a the toon I'd like when ye'r awa laddie"

"When I come back again Jeanie, when I come back again lassie, I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay to be y'er own good man lassie"

"Be my guid man yersel Jamie, be my guid man yersel laddie. An tak me ower to Germany at hame wi' ye to dwell laddie"

"I dinna ken how that can be Jeanic, I dinna ken how that can be lassie. For I hae a wife and bairnies three, and I dinna ken how ye'd agree lassie"

"Ye should a' telt me that in time Jamie, Ye should a' telt me that lang syne laddie. For had I knet o' yer false heart, Ye ne'er would gotten mine laddie"

"Yer ee was like a spell Jeanie, Yer ee was like a spell lassie and ilka day bewitched me sa' I couldn'na help masel lassie"

"Gang back to yer wife and hame Jamie, Gang back to yer bairnies three laddie. And I will pray they ne'er may throll a broken heart like mine laddie"

"O, dry yer tearful ee Jeanie, O, dry yer tearful ee lassie for I ha' neither wife nor bairns. And I'll wed none bu thee lassie"

"Think well for fear ye rue Jamie, Think well for fear ye rue laddie, for I have neither gowd or land laddie to be a match for thee laddie"

"All Blairathol is mine Jeanie, Little Dunkel is mine lassie. St. Antons Towers and Etrie Bowers and all that's mine is thine lassie"

## ONE OF HIS RECITATIONS

## THE FREAK OF FACTS

Not a thousand miles from here, a few planters were showing some Northern people their crops, in their spacious barns, the alluvial soil, the bayous stocked with fish, then to make a good impression the ladies of the house served them a good dinner after which they saw them off to the depot. If the train had not been late this story would have never been told.

In walks "Ignorance Personified", more sure of himself than any king of finance (his house is unscreened, the pig pen sits in front of the door, he spits melodiously on the stove. "Well where may ye be from gentlemen?" "Illinois". I thought so, if you stayed here as long as we stayed here you'd get as sallow faced as we are and grow web feet. If we didn't have a case of chills and fever in our house, I'd send for the doctor to see whats the matter for this country ain't worth shucks. Its either two feet deep in mud or ten feet under water as the levees ain't no good. I been figuring on building me a garden on long poles to hoist it out of the water. When you have a good crop along comes a thousand million bugs and slugs and bollweevils and eats it clear off the face of the earth. And in the spring when your garden is all up and your fruit trees in bloom along comes a frost like a door slamming on a sore thumb and you have to break the ice in the water barrel. (And nobody murdered him)

The train arrived. In stepped the Northerners shaking the dust from their feet. He shouted the next time you come, I'll tell you a lot more. (And nobody murdered him)

The planters walked back in the depot, him saying, "Them was some nice gentlemen, do you reckon they intended locating around here?" Not after what you told them. (And yet nobody murdered him)

# DREAMS IN OLD EYES By John Lee Higgins

Will you go back when you are stooped and old To see the place you left at twenty-one; To count the stones upon each little fold of Greasy earth with withered flowers thereon? To see the old home where you were begotten, Your mother's garden climbing into bloom, To lift the latch and see things long forgotten, To wander to the attic and your room?

Will you go back when brittle bones are stiff, To hunt the muskrat, set your rusty traps, To taste the beach-plums, maybe row your skiff To see an ancient sweetheart, dead perhaps? Will you go back and watch your dreams decay? Oh, keep it to the end, and stay away!

-From "Gongs of Earth" (Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston)

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ROHR

FILE

## ROHR

George Henry Rohr, 81, a lifelong resident of Pascagoula, Miss., and a member of St. John's Episcopal Church, died Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1998 at Singing River Hospital.

He was born May 25, 1917 in Pascagoula. Mr. Rohr was a retired machinist with Ingalls Shipbuilding. He was a member of American Legion Post 160 and BPO Elks Lodge No. 1120. He was an active member of St. John's Episcopal Church and also St. James Episcopal Church

## in Gautier.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Leopold and Edith Rohr; two brothers, Carl A. Rohr and William M. Rohr; two sisters, Evelyn Rohr and Freda Flurry.

Survivors include his beloved wife, Mary Virginia Rohr; three sons, Mark Rohr and wife, Rachel of Dallas, Texas and Kim F. Rohr and wife, Vicky of Paris, Tenn. and Richard Rohr of Pascagoula, Miss.; six grandchildren, Sara Rohr, Virginia Rohr, Katherine Rohr, William Rohr, Matthew Rohr and Natalie Rohr. Visitation will be held today, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1998 from 6-8 p.m. at St. John's Episcopal Church in the parish hall.

The funeral service will be held Monday, Dec. 28, 1998 at 10 a.m. at St. John's Episcopal Church with the Revs. John Gibson and Kyle Dice Seage officiating.

Interment will follow in Greenwood Cemetery, Pascagoula Miss.

Serving as pallbearers will be tay Turry, Bennie A. Rohr, G.E. turrer, Dr. R.D. Turner, Dr. Colert, Beatl and William J.

Arrangements, handled by Plany me O'Reefe Runteral Jone, Pascagonla Mass.

## ES RETURN FROM ONVENTION IN JACKSON

successful convention held at Mississippi to organize liocesan Council of the Nuncil of Catholic Women, Mrs. ham and Miss Rita Johnson unday night.

legates are very anxious to zed and to get to work ome of the objectives that erend Bishop Gerow hopes red by the smaller branches. ress\_Bishop\_Gerow\_outlined ives that could be handled ller branches as study clubs. and spiritual development. isits, teaching of religion in which there are no parochdoing sewing for the poorer nd-orphanages and fostering eacher clubs.

iloxi, Miss., in October, Bi- record. one of the coast districts

listrict, president, to be here Mrs. L.H. Rohr of this city. night and organize this

club girls met at the school-

during the month as follow-liege, Misissippi rude Delmas, cooked and Trekern did sewing cook d Lowers; Sarah Whatley,

girls how to make their our next club meeting, Mrs. teach us how to darn

obtained through the Natchez Co-operative Pecan Marketing Association were so satisfactory that during the present month the national association is conducting a campaign looking to the or anization of new associations, in the southwest Mississippi pecar belt and it is indicated that within a short time the commercial nut grovers of this section will have developed marketing machinery on as extensive a scale as the fruit growers of California and Florida

During the past season Natchez marketed more than a million dollars worth of nuts and led the entire state in shipments, both of paper and wild nuts. Almost half of the shipments were made through the local co-operative association.

## R. H. GEORGE APPOINTED HEAD LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

ere 252 registered delegates Mr. R. H. George, formerly of Pasnoon hour and several more cagonia, has recently been made head for the afternoon session lighthouse keeper on Point Conception, Ingram. The girls have star lied the number to hearly in California. He has been assistant first state convention will be keeper for 14 years and has an enviable

Mears, H. G. Babington, H. W. y of Victory Altar Society worth and George C. Log are his aspes to have Mrs. S. J. Corso sistants. Mr. George is the brother of

Many rat campaigns are being conducted in various parts of Mississippi day the thirteenth fate was at this time, with splendid results in them and they lost with a score 4-H CLUB MEETING all cases Powdered and squill is used The inter-class tournament as it is poisonous to rats, but practi- March 16 and the girls are plan cally harmless to other animals. The show their real ability in the h Mrs. Havens Wednesday, cost in most towns is about 10 cents game with the tenth grade girls The minutes were read and per house. Any town or community 17th alled, all the members be in Mississippi destring free assistance b girl reported on what she More, State Plant Board, A. & M. Colin a rate campaign should address Roy

mis Martin planted graden special yourself with the various control moved from Gulfper and sewed Mary Martin sizes of canned and package goods, to cently moved from Gulfper and did sewing said trow how many sewings seek the community. lyrtie Lee Clayton, did sew- give. Get into the habit of looking for soking; Marie Trehern, did the weight on a box of cereal or the delle Trehern, did cooking, number of fluid ounces in bottled goods, deplanted garden; Lavicia Compare brands with each other to see did sewing and cooking, which gives the best value.

## SEKEADING

Check Cods at once with 666.

a molasses candy stew.

Irma, Anna Ruth Bernice an proved to be jam-up-stewers Patsy, you're a lucky fellow seemed to be full enjoyment games and contests. It was like engasegon(sao)anigao ayonayo ay of those timid boys pulling Everything seemed to be a suc cept that Hazel Barnes caved th steps in and scratched a rib

# Believe It or Not

Edwina Goff, the vamp said reason Mr. Roberts' car brok was because she and her "Ford riding in it.

> The Home Economic Repo ... (By Juanita Wilson.)

The home economics girls ha pleted an interesting course study of character-and are no ing a two week's course in agr under Professor Weeks, while t are taking home economics und with landscaping, over which e of them seems to be enthusiast

## Eighth-Grade

By Lena Ramsay) On Friday, March 13, the grade girls played their first ba game of the season with sixth a enth grade girls. Because it w

Fourth and Fifth Grade (By Candler Roberts, Wyeth P The fifth grade is glad to have classmate O. D. Walker, who community

The boys of the fourth grades have organized two soo ball feams, the Bull Dogs and The leams are about equally star Bull Dogs w ming one day. teams were organized each side Tive games

were Annie Benson and Hour Take as a preventive Tootle In Sue Wilson Palife erts Ella Entrekin Dorothy See 666 Salve for Babics. Marie Wilson vices

ing. Among the engineers present at the hearing were F. H McGowen and E. H. McNair of Ocean Springs, and D. J. Simmons, who is associated with Mr. McGowen. Engineering firms from Gulfport, New Orleans, Mobile and New York were also represented.

WILL DE GEETGEG AL DALULURY & THEEFT

The proposals made by the engineers ranged from as low as \$300 a month to a commission of 7 per cent of the proposed expenditures, it was said. The proposed wall will extend from the mouth of Pascagoula river two miles, and such other sections of to Bayou Chicot, a distance of about decide.

## MRS. MARY JANE GEORGE.

Mrs. Mary Jane George, widow of the late William H. George, died on l last Saturday at noon, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edith C. Rohr. 1109 South-Pascagoula street.

The funeral occurred on Sunday, March 20, at 11 o'clock from the late home of deceased, Rev. Jas. W. Sells officiating, interment in Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. George was 87 years of age, her death occurring on the anniver-sary of her birthday. She was born in Cornwall, England, but had lived in America 37 years, 30 of which were spent in Pascagoula, where she had become endeared to a number of friends and was held in esteem by all who knew her. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Edith C. Rohr of this city; and three sons, Messrs.
S. H. George of Hattiesburg, Miss.;
R. H. George of California, and W.
R. George of England. In addition NEW SCHOOL BOARD 18 she leaves a number of grandchildren and other relatives.

# ROTARY NOMINATES AND TAKES IN NEW MEMBER

Nominations for directors to serve the ensuing year were made at the weekly meeting of the Rotary club Wednesday, twelve members being selected, from whom six will be elected at the annual election to be held the second week in April. The nominating or 'primary' election and the taking in of a new member formed the principal features of the luncheon.

W. N. Maddox, manager of the Gulf Coust Motor Company, became a member being welcomed and in-structed in the purposes of Rotary by L. A. Wests, chairman of the Educa-tion Committee.

COMMUNITY SHIRING DY CHE AUdience. Greetings, by Prof. Mec. Morgan, county superintendent of education. Song, by Mrs. E. Handy of Ocean Springs.

Address of welcome, Hon. W. M. Colmer, county attorney.

Response, Mrs. Mabel Girot of Ocean Springs.

Introduction of county officers.
Report of Mrs. Hermes F. Gautier, county chairman.

Appointment of committees: Resolutions, courtesy, credentials and nominating.

Reading of minutes of last meet-

Financial report by Mrs. George J. Hollister, county secretary. Roll call of local presidents. Reports from local P. T. A's. Round table discussion, led by Mrs.

A. E. Favre, chairman of the 11th district, Guifport, Miss. Community singing, audience Adjournment at 12:80.

Luncheon. Call to order at 1:30, Mrs. A. E.

Favre presiding.
Invocation by Rev. Wm. Wedig, of the Lutheran church.

Selection by pupils of Pascagoula

High school.
Address by Mrs. J. A. Weaver,

state vice-president, Gulfport, Miss.
Reading by Annie Kell.
Report of nominating committee.
Election of officers. Piano solo, by Vivian Perez.

Reading and adoption of by-laws. Invitations for next convention. Reading minutes of morning ses-

Community singing by audience.

NAMED: TAKE UP DUTIES

Members to Serve Terms Varying From One to Five Years Directing Schools.

F. S. Canty, E. J. Ford and E. C. Beckham have been appointed mem-bers of the board of trustees of city schools to succeed Arthur Allen, I. B. Martin, C. A. Carrier, whose terms have expired, it was stated at the city hall. Mr. Ford was named for a period of five years, Mr. Canty for five years, and Mr. Beckham for three years. Mrs. M'Liss Frelisen was re-appointed for a term of two years, and Andrew Nelson for a period of one year.
Under a new state law trustess are

elected or appointed for terms ex-piring one year apart to that a new member will be seated each year.

Cooper, daughte of Sarepta, who Battle of Frankl Dennis Murp Pittsboro Jan. 6 in the public sc and where many meager scholast plemented-in a father having be Calhoun City Mo county weeklies owned by Denni Stanley, and ru ning, for the fu of the communi

Went to In 1911 he wa tive from Calhou ceeded himself speaker pro ten ing the third ter outstanding wor tees. He had o the duties of spe period during a Speaker Cooper gavel with abili justice."

In 1923 he r lieutenant gover Money of the 53 counties, an of his service in proved that the fice may be ver than a figure-he

Over and ab president of the the constitution performed with plomacy and vi legislative polici Senate, he has opment of the economically in one conspicuous movement know sissippi Better T ried the story of possibilities and large part of th

Mr. Murphree to Miss Clara M boro, daughter c nie Smith Marti dren, Mary F Thomas Martin.

STATE HAS LO

Henry L. White tive to

Governor to server who he

men of Battery B, 631st Field Artillery Battalion, prepare to entrain for Camp Kilmer, N. J.

Battery B is scheduled to leave Fort Sill Sunday and sail for Germany within a few days after arriving at Camp Kilmer.

Their feverish preparation has been under way for several weeks. Guest of Gen. Wilson

This reporter, accompanied by of last Edward A. Khayat, 520 Beards-al recent lee St., Moss Point, visited Forf Sill Saturday and Sunday as guests of Maj. Gen. William P. Wilson, Mississippi adjutant general and commander of the state National Guard.

We were members of a party of suitcase 16 which besides army officers, Bernard was composed of the flower of he house southern Mississippi baby-kissers, and the elite of that class of eccen- Pascagoula, after an illness of a trics who couldn't earn a living anywhere except in the newspaper business.

We took off from Keesler at 7 a. m., made short stops at Hattiesburg and Jackson and arrived at Fort Sill at 11:50 a. m.

This reporter spent the mornin Moss ing in casual conversation and of the pleasant reverie after recovering he told from the emotional upheaval in his ex-pfc bosom caused by the spectacle of a major general scurrying back and forth in the aisle. aroused shirttail flying, passing out soft

> We were met by the Big Brass of Fort Sill, an honor guard and Edith C. Rohr; three sons, Carl A. a military band, all of which gave us a pleasant feeling of importance.

There followed the presentation to the home boys of three of southern Mississippi's most important products: a large box of iced sea food from Biloxi, several crates of peaches from Hattiesburg and 10 copies of the Chronicle-Advertiser.

In addition to members of Battery B, there are four Pascagoula and Moss Point men who are members of the 631st Medical De-

These men left Jackson county as members of Battery B, but are now part of a unit attached to battalion headquarters. They are Cpl. Ernest Wilson, Pascagoula; Sgt. William Ellers, Moss Point; Sgt. Isadore Pierce, Moss Point, and Cpl. James L. Roberts, Moss

Cpl. Wilson Enthusiastic The only member of this group



LOUIS H. KREBS, ABOVE, IS a candidate for constable for Beat Three.

## Leopold H. Rohr, 87. Succumbs Saturday After Lengthy Illness

Leopold Henrich Hohr, 87, died Saturday at his residence, 1109 S.

A native of Bremerhaven, Germany, Mr. Rohr had resided in this country for 56 years. He was a retired wheelwright.

Mr. Rohr learned his trade in Nova Scotia. When he was 32 he came to Pascagoula where he made many timber dogs and crow bars during the days of the great lumbering industry. He was also an expert carriage maker although his shop has been closed for many years.

He was a member of the Lutheran church.

Survivors are his widow, Mrs. and George H., Pascagoula and William M. Hattiesburg: two White And Arrington daughters, Mary Evelyn, Pascagoula, and Mrs. N. V. Flurry, Perkinston, and five grand children.

Funeral services were held Sunday from Fails with the Rev. Arthur Schneider officiating. Interment was in Greenwood cemetery

Pall bearers were O. E. Ward, H. J. Bogdahn, Naldo Saucier, Max Powell, E. F. Peetz and W D. Holloway.

## Three County Talks Are Set By Lumpkin

Sam Lumpkin, candidate for governor, will bring his campaign to Jackson county Saturday with three speeches scheduled during the day.

He will speak first at political rallice at Beach Park, Pascagoula, Obje at 2:30 p. m.; at John's Bayou at 4:30 p. m., and at Ocean Springs

Pascagoula yard employed more than 10,000 persons. It remained in operation after World War II, when it was the only Gulf shipyard engaged in construction of new ships.

Ingalls Shipbuilding also operates an inland shipyard at Decatur, Ala., on the Tennessee River.

Birmingham Tank Co., another subsidiary, manufactures steel fabricated tanks. Another subsidiary is the Steel Construction Co., which handles major construction jobs on steel fabricated at the Ingalls plants.

Donated Large Sums

The Ingalls Foundation, incorporated in 1943, was given large sums by lingalls to be used in charitable, scientific and educational purposes. It established the Barbara Gregg Ingalls Orthopedic Clinic at Jefferson-Hillman Hospital, in Birmingham, named for Ingalls' granddaughter.

It also contributed heavily to the Ingalls Laboratory at the Southern Research Institute, Birmingham.

He was as familiar with the actual workings of his plants here as any man in them. Frequently, visitors would find him "back in the plant" watching some new machine operate, or showing the workmen how it should be done.

Ingalls had been in poor health for several years but had remained as the active head of the Ingalls Enterprises. He recently suffered several heart attacks.

# Set Speaking Dates At Hurley Church

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Hugh White, candidate for governor, and Jimmy Arrington, lieutenant governor aspirant, are expected to speak Wednesday at an all-day political rally at Hurley Methodist church.

White is scheduled to speak at 2 p. m., Arrington at 7 p. m.

## County Assessment Rolls Are Now Open

County assessment rolls for 1951 have been equalized and are open for inspection at the courthouse.

Objections to assessments, covering real and personal property.

Page 29 of 41

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Malone. and Pasest Monin Morebs re-

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ive met del lat in both houses.

As a result, some legislators tre asking for repeal of the entiding legislation in order to alternate to accept the second second second to the second second second second second second second systems. C. Gill and Herbert Farrell, surnintendent and assistant of the iscagoula schools, and Luther inner, Moss Point superintendent, said.

"If federal funds remain up to pected levels and state funds e allocated under terms of the w legislation, our school sys-(Continued on pgae 8)

# tate Will Assist r Filing Returns

A representative from the state x commission will be at the purt House March 12 and 15 to sist with filing of state returns Single persons who earned 300 in 1953 must file as required law. Married persons must file their income totaled or exceed \$6000.

The spokesman called attention the fact that the dates above a not inclusive but pertain to two days only. Hours will be m 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

and a 30 by 60 courtroom wing left off.

It would be of modern design, of masonry and fireproof, and designed for later addition of the top story.

(Continued on pgae 8)

# Last Rites Held For Mrs. Rohr

Mrs. Edith Clarissa Rohr. 75, died last Thursday at her residence, 1109 South Pascagoula Street. She had been seriously illonly a few days.

A native of England, she had been a resident of Pascagoula for 75 years.

She is survived by three sons. Carl A. and George H. Rohr of Pascagoula and W. M. of Hattiesburg, two daughters, Mrs. N. V. Flurry, Perkinston and Miss Mary Evelyn Rohr, a brother, Richard H. George, Biloxi, five grandchillren, and one great grand daughter.

Funeral services were held rom Fails in Pascagoula Saturlay with the Rey. Arthur Schneiler officiating assisted by the lev. T. J. Delaughter, Interment vas in Greenwood Cemetery. a resolution Monday requesthe state legislature to pass a cal and private act author Jackson County to set up 20 regulations for lands along Highway 90.

"This involves only that outside the municipal corpolimits of Pascagoula;" Carlgenee, attorney for the board today.

Reason for the request is to the county authority to corconstruction and businesses althe new route within Jack County, prohibiting establishm of "undesirable" enterprises, gehee explained.

The request will be present to Jackson County members the legislature this weekend.

## Moss Point Precinc Location Is Shifted

Moss Point precinct one vot place which has been tempora located at Ed Mayo school, been moved to East Moss Pt waterworks.

A super-siren producing ina ible sounds of about 34,000 cyc a second can, up close, ignit piece of cotton in a few second or boil water in a few minute





Namo	Proceeding	Date	Record	Volume	Pago
colollan, Franc	is Crdor	6-7-92	Min Circ Ct	3	75
ic Intosh, John	, Docl	7-17-99	File Circ Ct	-	_
11 11	Order	10-31-01	Min Circ Ct	3	551
coklass, Paul	Decl	2-11-84	File Circ Ct	Wat Papers	_
11 11	Order	12-2-90	Min Circ Ct	3 .	3
illor, Fred	Dccl	12-8-90	File Circ Ct	Nat Papers	-
11 11	Order	5-28-95 .		3	227
iller, Oscar	Docl	3-3-05	File Circ Ct	Potn Oaths	-
11 11	Order	3-3-05	Nat Record	1	295
oberg, Alfred	Docl	3-7-97	File Circ Ct	Nat Papers	-
11 11	Ordor	5-3-02	Min Circ Ct	3	615
apier, James	Decl	5-28-78	ii	(1875-79)	30 -
- 11	Order	5-31-80	11	2	75
olson, Christia	n Deel	11-28-85		•	-
"	Order	6-13-88	Min Circ Ct	. 2	510
iclsen, Jens	Dccl	4-20-81	File Circ Ct		-
	Order	6-8-86	Min Circ Ct	2	391
ilson, Harry	Docl	12-18-93		•	770
		4-26-97		John Bonner	336
re, Gorard F.	Dool	11-22-05			294
	Ordor Deel	11-22-05 8-14-90		l Not Peners	
man, Andrew	Order	6-14-90 4-26-97	Filc Circ Ct Nin Circ Ct		337
fra decision To-			Nat Record	13	289
man, Andrew Jr	Docl	5-9-04 5-13-99	File Circ Ct		209
man, John	Ordor	5-6-02	Min Circ Ct	3	625
lass Coml I	Docl	4-5-70	File Circ Ct	•	525
Lson, Carl J.	Order	11-27-95	Min Circ Ct	3	266
lsen, Charles	Order	12-2-89	m .	2	582
sen, Charles son, Harold	Docl	8-18-88	File Circ Ct	~	-
n il	Order	12-5-90	Min Circ Ct	•	20
lson, John A.	Order	11-24-83	11	2	251
lscn, P. L.	Decl	12-30-90	File Circ Ct	But Papers	-
it it	Order	4-30-02	Min Circ Ct	3	602
earson, i. 0.	Order	12-6-88	11	. 2	533
ttorson, Olaf	Decl	-2-9-97	File Circ Ct	Nat Papers	
11 il	Order	5-1-97	Min Circ Ct	3	<b>43</b> 0
uch, Jonas	Docl	9-30-98	File Circ Ct		-
11 11	Order	5-5-02	Hin Circ Ct	3	623
ohr, Loopold	Order	4-30-02	11	3	604
osambaam, A. V.		6-2-86	File Circ Ct	_	100
11 11	Order	G-11-88	Min Circ Ct	2.	490
ousito, Caspero	Docl	10-15-83	File Circ Ct		522
li,	Order	12-4-88	Min Circ Ct		522
uthoff, E. A.	Ducl	7-3-91	File Circ Ct	Hat Papers	206
	Order Doel	11-30-94	Min Circ Ct File Circ Ct	-	200
ard, C. A.	Docl	11-17-90	Hile Circ Ct	Hat Papers	237
"Cotmon Dala	Order	6-1-95	TIN CIPC CC	J	
veetman, Robert Kent	Decl	8-23-99	File Circ Ct	Nat Paners	-
II CUC	" Order	5-9-04	- Nat Record	1	290
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G 976.202 NATURALIZATIONS



# Naturalizations:

1798 🚓 1906

# THE INDEX

Prepared by the
Old Law Naturalization Records Project,
Work Projects Administration,
Under the Presidency of
Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Foreword by
Winston De Ville, Fellow
American Society of Genealogists



E, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917.

PAGE FIVE

### J. H. GEORGE.

Mr. J. H. George, aged 50 years, died in New Orleans Tuesday morning, March 6, at 8:30 o'clock. His death was caused by pneumonia, his illness lasting about ten days. The body was brought to Pascagoula on L. & N. train No. 10 Tuesday night and carried to the home of his mother, Mrs. S. H. George, at South Pascagoula, from where the funeral took place Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 at Greenwood cemetery. Rev. W. G. Forsythe of the Methodist church conducting the services.

Mr. George was for many years a resident of Pascagoula, but for the past several years had resided in New Orleans, where he conducted a barber college.

He leaves besides his mother, three brothers, Sam H. George of Hattiesburg, Miss., Richard George of San Francisco, Cal., and Willie George of Mysore, State Gold Fields, South India; and one sister, Mrs. L. H. Rohr of South Pascagoula.

# They Are So Comfortable---

TUB THEM
RUB THEM
SCRUB THEM
Keep them Clean
You can't hurt

Warner's

Rust-Proof

# EUREKA THEATRE

Program for coming week

CUT PROGRAM OUT OF PAPER, KEEP POSTED.

Monday Night, March 12th

The Yellow Hand

"The Girl From Frisco" in 2 reels Comedy, "The Game That Failed"

Drama, "Defying Death"

Tom Mix in a thrilling one reel western drama. 5 and 10c.

Tuesday Night, March 13th.

Five Reel Feature

Name of feature will be announced on screen later.

Wednesday, March 14th Matinee and Night "Gloria's Romance"

Geo. Kleine Feature Serial No. 17, Featuring Billie Burke Also other reels, Admission 5 and 10 Cents. Matinee at 3:30

Thursday Night, March 15th.

Is Marriage Sacred? "The Burning Band"
This is a picture that every one should see.

D-"Code Letter" C-"A Precious Parcel"

4 Reels and admission will only be 5 and 10 Cents.

Friday night, March 16th.

"Iron Claw"

16th Chapter, Featuring Pearl White in 2 reels
Pathe Comedy and Cartoon. Admission 5 and 10 Cents.

Saturday night, March 17th., 6 reels

"Pearl of The Army"

Featuring Pearl White in 2 reels

also other reels of merit. 6 reels 5 and 10c.

Coming! "Sequel Diamond From the Sky" Monday, March 26th, "Lass of Lumberlands" featuring Helen Homes, April 7th. Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria" April 20th. "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" March 19 and 20, Matinee two days

6 3.40 2.52 6 37.00 2.59 6 18.70 3.88 6 5.10 2.35 0 9.69 9.45 6 51.00 3.27	Forge Villag L. H. Rohr Is Pr	lent and Cold at ye Smithy' sacagoula's Remaining	skilled artisan of Pascagoula's vother days visits the neighborhood across the street and argue management with his friend. O. B. Sargent.  J. Leaving Bremenhaven, the North sea seaport of Germany, fourteenth birthday, the advertible of the control of the contr	g store tick gossiped.  g city village of Pas apt, R. vote. Once the the beach, Mr. great Romance er on his met Edith Ge- turous lived with he tere he Chicot. There	an for alderman of the sagoula and lost by one one were four saloons on ! Robn said, tered his life when ha rige, an English girl who ir parents near Hayou	
\$ 18.40 2.92 \$ 1.70 2.80 \$ 2.70 2.80 \$ 3.40 2.92 \$ 17.00 2.50 \$ 1.70 2.50 \$ 1	Forge  Villag  L. H. Rohr is Property Services of St.	ye Smithy'	across the greet and argue management with his friend. O. B. Sargent.  J. Leaving Bremenhaven, the North sea scaport of Germany, fourteenth birthday, the advertible of the control of the	apt, R. vote. Once the the beach, Mr. great on his met Edith Geo thurous lived with he tere he Chicot. There	re were four saloons on the read his life when he ree, an English girl who is parents near Hayou	
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PAGE TWO-SECTION ONE

PASCAGOULA CHRONICLE-STAR and MOSS POINT ADVERTISER

## 1895 Scrapbook Bemoans Decay Of Beach Hotel

portions of writings from the scrapbook of Leopold H. Rohr written in 1895.

He mentions the active shipping business and remarks that before the Civil War Pascagouals was one of the most noted summer resorts in all the South, having a large hotel fronting the \*sea, with a capacity for more than
\*a thousand guests, where the
wealth and beauty of the aristocratic planters' families from all the Gulf States paid homage to the shrine of fashion."

He adds, sorrowfully, that the

"old hotel has gone to decay."

"The changed conditions of life in the cotton states has made it more fashionable to spend the geated term in Northern resorts, but famous old Pascagoula now By Irene King (Women's Editor)

If is interesting to note the livliness of this Paspoint community
in years gone by and the other
day Miss Evelyn Rohr unearthed
dportions of writings from the
draw of the Control of the Control
dive winding river meeting
the wide winding river meeting the embrace of the ocean by its

Picturesquely he describes the trees "gray grown with hanging moss ... The mourning drapery for the past, dead and almost for gotten."

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1959.



# OLD VILLAGE BLACKSMITH SHOP YIELDS TO PROGRESS

L. H. Rohr Shop, Pascagoula Land Mark, Recalls Colorful Career Of Its Founder And Owner-A Master Wheelwright.

Another historic landmark of Pascagoula is passing into oblivion with the demolition of the remaining section of what was formerly the L. H. Rohr blacksmith shop at 1101 South Pascagoula street. Once it was the scene of busy activities, but for nearly ten years now, its anvils have been silenced and its forges, with their bellows, and tools have grown cold with inactivity.

The shop of L. H. Rohr, wheelwright and blacksmith, in its heyday, was one of the centers of activity. But, in 1932, with business declining and his trade becoming an art of past days, Mr. Rohr retired, and closed his business, having spent a useful and colorful life in industry.

When the shop was first established by Mr. Rohr, it was located on Washington avenue in the older part of the present Pascagoula—that section known as Scranton. It was part of that contented village in which the once immigrant boy, chose to make his home. But, now, Mr. Rohr at 78 years of life has found other interests which keep him

occupied and he no longer has used

for his shop or its equipment.

It was 64 years ago, when Mr. Rohr, his mother and sister, decided to leave their native home in Germany and come to the United States. He was but 14 years old then, but he was determined, even though his eyes were dimmed with tears of home-sickness and he de-cided that America was where he should make his home. Many is the time since, that he has looked back with thankfulness that he made this decision, though heartrendering at the time, especially with the present conditions of his native land.

Mr. Rohr had his obstacles to overcome and disappointments to bear before he found happiness in this land. His first disappointment was when he left his native Bremmenhaven, on the shores of the great North sea in Germany. On his 14th birthday anniversary, seeking adventure, he went to London, England where he hoped to board a ship. He learned there, however, that his ship had met its fate and a watery grave in a storm-all hands being lost with her.

remained in London long enough to take in the sights and then returned home, where he took passage for New York. His mother and sister sailed for Amherst, Nova Scotia on another vessel, where they joined one of his brothers, who was a wheelwright there.

After three years in New York with another brother, he decided to join his sister, Mrs. Joseph Agnes Chapman, and other members of his family in Nova Scotia. Upon reaching there he decided to learn his chosen trade and became an ap-prentice blacksmith and wheel-wright. He learned to make the finest of carriages, buggies, wagons and other vehicles of the day.

Then one day in 1895, there came a letter from his half-sister, Mrs. Jim Dutch who was making her home in Pascagoula. She described the beauties of this section of the definitely.

world in such glowing terms that the still youthful and adventurous L. H. Rohr, again was stricken with wanderlust. He was not satisfied until he could visit her with the possibility of establishing a business for himself.

He came to what was then Scranton, and before very long, he had set up his shop. Sparks flew from his forge in his first shop, establish-ed near the location of his last place of business. His anvils rang lustily as he went about the business of making horse-drawn vehicles of all

types and designs.

His business prospered and in a few months, he decided that his wanderlust had been cured. He bought the present site, where he not only built his home, but his shop. Once having settled, romance crept into his heart and in 1898 he was married to Miss Edith George, daughter of an English family which was making their home on Bayou Chicot. From this union there were five children born.

In the earlier days of his business Mr. Rohr had all of the business he could attend to but he always found time to dabble in politics and discuss political, economic and civic affairs. For many years his shop was a hub of activity, with its carriage making and repairing, construction of wagon bodies, and hammering out tools and implements of various sorts.

During the waning years of this type of business and manufacture, Mr. Rohr found delight in repairing tools for a neighbor, even furniture needed his talents. And, not infrequently, children dashed into his place to have a toy repaired. During his leisure moments, he puttered about his garden and flowers in

which he took great pride.
So it is that time and progress,
make things yield. A landmark is fading away, but the fond memories of earlier days in Pascagoula and an adventurous man, will linger in-FEB.14,1941

3d DO NOT Checupalt



## Rohr Lion named outstanding officer

Bennie Rohr of Pascagoula was named outstanding deputy district governor of Lions District 30-D during the Mississippi State Lions Convention in Biloxi recently.

Rohr, chairman of the Pascagoula Evening Lions 17th annual fishing rodeo, was also appointed membership chairman for District 30-D for 1979-80. Membership goal for the district is 12 new members in each Lions Club in Southeast Mississippi.

The Lions Jackson County Fishing Rodeo will be held June 22,23 and 24 at the rodeo site in Pascagoula. 6-14-79

## ROHR-FLANAGAN.

Mr. Carl A. Rohr and Miss Eathel Virginia Flanagan, both of Pascagoula, were married on Saturday, October 27, in the study of the Baptist church, Rev. Dr. N. O. Patterson officiating. Only a few intimate friends were present.

The bride is a graduate nurse of Providence Infirmary in Mobile, and for the past several years has been connected with the Jackson County Hospital here. She is a very lovable young woman and numbers her friends by the score. Mr. Rohr is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rohr and has lived here since his birth. He is a graduate of the New Orleans Barber College, and conducts his own barber shop here, and is well-liked by his business and other associates.

After a short wedding trip the young couple are at home at 601 McKinley street, where they are receiving the congratulations of their many friends and best wishes for a happy married life. Nov 2 - 1934 MPA



and Inchon, and in Vietnam in DaNang and the riverine war. John Eugene Rodriguez, II is married to the former Bobbie Jean Walden, of the Latimer community, and they have four children, all of whom have served in the Navy.

by John Rodriguez



Leopold and Edith Rohr

# ROHR, LEOPOLD AND EDITH

F454

Carl Henrich Arnold Leopold Rohr was born in the free Merchant City of Bremerhaven, Germany, Dec. 2, 1863. His parents ran a hotel for sea captains. His half sister, Henrietta, married Capt. Sam Dutch from Maine and his sister, Agnes, married a Capt. Chapman from Nova Scotia.

On Feb. 13, 1867, he and his mother sailed from Bremerhaven for London. His mother was to go on to Nova Scotia to live with his sister Agnes and Leopold was to meet a ship in London and become a seaman. However, he was stranded there because the ship never arrived so he returned to Germany. He stayed with his Uncle Pearl Rohr until he sailed again, this time to his brother Theodore's home in New York. He was only 14 years old. After working in grocery stores, etc. for little pay, he joined his mother in Nova Scotia where he learned the blacksmith trade.

On July 5, 1895, at 32 years of age, he took the Steamship Louisiana to New Orleans and then a train to Pascagoula where his half sister Henrietta Dutch was living. Capt. Dutch having retired from the sea, had a shop built on Shephard Ave. where he made many timber dogs and crowbars.

many timber dogs and crowbars.

Leopold met Edith George at the old Chastant home next to the Beach Park (now the Warren house). Edith's mother was a widow, Mary Jane George, whose husband drowned in a ferry crossing in Hayle, Cornwall, England. Her mother and her brothers immigrated to Chicago because an older brother, Sam George, had settled there. Later they came south to try their hand at making charcoal after reading about the plentiful supply of timber in the south. Edith's brother, Jack, built a house on Bayou Chicot and she, her mother, and brothers came there from Chicago. That area is now Terre Verde subdivision.

Leopold married Edith George and then built a house and blacksmith shop on Pascagoula St. Pascagoula at that time had a large lumber industry. As he was the only carriage maker there, he had work from miles around. Neighborhood boys used to strike for him.

The Rohr home still stands at 1107 Pascagoula St. The design was copied from a prize farm house plan at the World's Fair held in Chicago in 1893.

Edith and her brothers Joe and Richard went to school in Chicago. Later Edith George's brother moved their home to south Pascagoula St. from Bayou Chicot. While the house was being moved Edith's mother and the family lived in the James Ford house on the beach. The yellow fever epidemic struck then and they all had it. Joe went to work too soon and died from a relapse. It was said he had many times remarked "Mother, I'll never leave you."

Leopold and Edith were interested in music and belonged to the Chameleon Club. In an article in the local paper in 1902 it was noted that the Chameleon Club met with Mr. & Mrs. L.H. Rohr in their home on Pascagoula St. The rendering of Annie Laurie and Juanita on flutes by Mr. Hawley and Professor Kinne was the most delightful part of the program. Mrs. Rohr played the piano.

Edith and Leopold had five children: Carl, the oldest and now deceased, was a barber. He learned his trade in New Orleans where Edith's brother Jack had a shop and barber college. Carl married Eathel V. Flannagan, a trained nurse, and they had a son, Bennie Arnold Rohr, who is a marine biologist with U.S. National Marine Fisheries Service.

Evelyn, the second child, is now 84. Like her father, she likes and writes poetry. Leopold used to recite "Pascagoula Before the Civil War" and "The Freak of Facts", a write-up about real estate in the Delta. Evelyn wrote her father's memoirs which he dictated to her.

William Mallison, the third child, is a resident of Hattiesburg. He is retired from Hercules Powder Co. where he was a millwright and machinist. He is now 80 years old. William married Alma Holloway and they had two children, Jerry and Ann.

Freda Agnes, the fourth child, became a school teacher and taught school at Daisy Vestry in the northern part of Jackson County for 5 years. While living there, she met and married Norman Valentine Flurry. He had a farm in the area, part of a Spanish Land Grant given to the Flurry family. Freda is a widow and still maintains her home there. They had two children, Ray and Betty Sue.

George, the youngest of the five children, is a retired machinist from Litton's. He lives on Bayou Chicot with his wife Mary Virginia Shafto. They have three sons, Mark, Kim, and Richard. George served in the ship repair unit of the U.S. Navy during the war and was stationed in Bremerton, WA.

Leopold lived to the age of 87 and Edith passed away at 76.

Memories of a Smithy
My forge hammers lie reclined
My bellows too have lost their wind.
My fire extinct,
My forge decayed and in the dust my vice
is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My anvils broken, my work is done.

Sunset Over the Harbor

The sun has shown all day and now has gone

Leaving a painting in the sky, bright colors in the west.

The boats have furled their sails and homeward wend their crews.

The wind has died, its time to rest and hear the evening news.

When my Maker calls me and down my work

May I leave a golden mem'ry of things I've written, done and said.

by Mary Evelyn Rohr



Left to right, top row: Inez Ros Blacksher, Manuel Leon "Nelo" Ros, Guy Vincent Ros, Irene Ros Second row: Joseph Miguel "Joe" Ros, Senor Don Vicente Ros, Mrs. Vicente' Ros (Annie Jane Pol), Pol Mikel Ros

Bottom row: Seated - Ramon "Ray" Eugene Ros, seated on mother's lap - Luis Alfonso "Pooky" Ros

## ROS FAMILY

F455

Senor Don Vicente (Vincent) Ros, Spanish Nobleman, was born in Barcelona, Spain on Feb. 12, 1851 to Capt. Joseph Ros and Louisa (de Busatil) Ros, both natives of Spain. The former was born in Evisa, and the latter in Vinaroz. Vincente's brothers were Joseph and Ramon. Vincente attended the public schools of Spain and completed his education at All Soul's College from which he was graduated in 1872. He spoke both Castilian and Catalan Spanish.

In 1873, at the age of 22, he left Spain on a trip with his father on a ship carrying goods from Spain to New Orleans and to South America. Vincente did not return to Spain, but his father did. He stayed in New Orleans for several years with a cousin, Joseph Ferrar (Fur-rare') and while there attended Soule' College to learn English.

In 1879, he came to Scranton (Pascagoula) as Private Secretary to Capt. M.L. Pol, who was the Spanish Counsul for Spain and Mexico and who was also engaged in the shipbuilding and shipping business. Vincente married Annie Jane Pol, second daughter of Capt. Pol on Jan. 14, 1880. Annie was born in Bayou La Batre, AL on March 12, 1859 and had come to Pascagoula

## September 12, 1989

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This book represents a compilation of articles written by various authors. For the most part, these authors are not professionals and have voluntarily contributed their work to the production of this book. The editors did not undertake to verify any of the "facts" set forth in the articles. Dates, names or places have been left as presented in the original text. The editing has been limited solely to the correction of typographical errors and, in some instances, articles have been shortened to comply with publication requirements.

Special care has been taken to preserve the spelling of proper names as given in the original texts of the articles. Colloquialisms and grammar were left as written.

The editors and sponsoring agencies expressly disclaim responsibility for the contents of the articles, and any views expressed in those articles are the sole responsibility of the authors whose names appear on their respective by-lines. The effort here has been to produce a book which will serve future generations as an excellent tertiary, genealogical resource.

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